StormWatch: Team Achilles
#17 “The Fires of Patriotism”
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First Draft
July 15, 2003

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

A suburban Grandparent’s home. Angle on an old-style console TV, the screen of which is filled with snow. A white kid with an ugly buzz-cut twists the dials.

KID
Grandpa, your TV doesn’t work again!

GRANDPA (O.S.)
Again? That damned cable company!

KID
(small font, whispering to himself)
More like your lame old TV.

PANEL TWO

A guy stares at camera. His face is lit REALLY brightly. He wears a Best Buy-type clerk outfit with a ill-fitting red vest. His name button reads “S. LIPNOT”. His other lapel reads “Big Buy Guys” (store name). He has STUPID LOOK ON HIS FACE. His boss, wearing a short-sleeve button-up shirt with a tie with ugly diagonal stripes on it stares at him in amazement.

S. LIPNOT
Huh. Hey, Mister Thompson, I think there’s something wrong with the TVs. FAUX NEWS just went off the air.

BOSS
You figured that out all by yourself, did you?

PANEL THREE

Reverse shot from over their shoulders as they look at the Big Buy Guys television display. ALL of the TV sets are filled with snow (be sure to throw in some widescreen TVs with ridiculously inflated prices next to them.

BOSS (cont’d)
Why don’t you go up on the roof and see if you can’t fix the satellite feed?

BOSS (cont’d)
(small, whispering to himself)
Maybe you’ll fall off.

CONTINUED:

SIGN ON TV DISPLAY
Widescreen Prices Reduced! Now ONLY $7999.99!

PANEL FOUR

New York City. Times Square. The big wavy Jumbo-Tron TV in front of MSN’s news offices. Here’s a picture:

http://www.microsoft.com/presspass/images/press/2002/01-15subscriberincreasepr1.jpg

The TV’s are all full of snow. People below stare upwards. The scrolling text bar reads:

SCROLLING TEXT
We are having satellite difficulties, please stand by.

PAGE 2

A civilian sailor at the big metal steering wheel of an oil tanker. He peers outwards throw the foreward windows at a furious, dark rainstorm.

SAILOR
Sir! The first mate ordered that we should drop anchor and ride out the storm! Without the GPS signal we have no way of knowing where in the ocean we are any longer!

CAPTAIN
We'll do no such thing! This oil has to been in New York by tonight and it's going to get there. Just keep steering Westward and we'll eventually meet land.

SAILOR
(small font, whispering to himself)
Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

PANEL TWO

Waves and rain beat the hull of the huge oil tanker as it rams itself up against a huge reef, tearing a huge gash in the side of the tanker...

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Another drenched sailor stick his head into the pilot's room.

NEW SAILOR
Sir! We've compromised four of our holds and the oil we're spilled into the sea is on fire!

CAPTAIN
Abandon ship! Send a signal to the mainland!

SAILOR
That's going to be a little difficult with no satellite connection, *SIR*.

PANEL FOUR

Downshot from the air of the broken-backed oil tanker covered in FLAMES. No one's going to live through that.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

A telephone operator at a bank of telephone operator cubicles. She's a cute African-American woman but looks haggard and worn down by a shitty day at work.

OPERATOR
MCT&T Long Distance, this is Darlene, how may I help you?

OPERATOR (cont'd)
No sir, I understand, but as the recorded message told you, we're having satellite problems which are impacting all long distance service.

OPERATOR (cont'd)
No sir, I don't know when it's going to get fixed. Thank YOU, Sir.

OPERATOR (cont'd)
(small, to herself)
Asshole.

PANEL TWO

The Oval Office. The President's looking bad... collar undone, tie loosened, shirt sleeves rolled up, underams sweaty, dark circles under his eyes. He's shouting at an aide.

PRESIDENT
-Don't give me that bullshit! I want to know what my polling numbers are!

AIDE
Mr. President, we won't be able to gather accurate polling data until people are home from work--otherwise we're just polling housewives, unemployed people and the elderly-

PANEL THREE

The Vice-President, a rather chunky elderly man with big style glasses runs in from another room.

VICE PRESIDENT
Mister President, we've got a crisis situation, sir.

PRESIDENT
It'll wait-

3 CONTINUED:

VICE PRESIDENT
The Hell it will! None of your personal crap matters right now. We've got a bigger problem!

PRESIDENT
What could be a bigger problem than me being accused of being a Klansman murderer?

PANEL FOUR

The President and the Aide stare in horror as the VP tells them what's going down. The President looks like he's ready to shoot himself, this is such a bad day for him.

VICE PRESIDENT
Every one of our spy satellites has gone off the grid, the news networks are all off the air, the national phone system is down and the Pacific Nuclear fleet has gone silent.

PRESIDENT
Who could it be? The Russians? The Chinese? The North Koreans don't have enough stick to get into this fight...

VICE PRESIDENT
No way to know. Even the Hot Line to Moscow is out. We're blind and we're under attack.

PRESIDENT
(small, to himself)
Sons of bitches are going to blame this shit on me, I know it!

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Interior of a nuclear missile submarine. Red Lighting is on (go rent Crimson Tide or Hunt For Red October). The boat's African-American Commanding Officer stands next to a vertical glass map. Next to him, the Executive Officer marks on the map board with a grease pencil.

X.O.
-did a routine location check and mapped ourselves right here, then the Global Positioning System signals went offline. Normally I wouldn't have worried about it... GPS might have been out due to a thermal layer above us-

C.O.
But this time?

PANEL TWO

The X.O. hands the Captain a piece of paper.

X.O.
We've been towing two floating VLF and ELF antenna buoys hoping to receive some kind of message, target designation data or satellite navigation signals. Something. Anything.

C.O.
And?

X.O.
Nothing. All of our satellite communications are out. Everything. And it's not our equipment... it's all been cleared three times.

PANEL THREE

The captain leans over a map desk of China. A little submarine marks their position right between Pyongyang, North Korea and Beijing, China.

C.O.
So what is this? Some new kind of drill? Cut off our comm and see if we panic? Some kind of leadership text?

X.O.
I thought about that, too, Sir, but if that's the gag, they're going to extremes...

(MORE)

4 CONTINUED:

X.O. (cont'd)

we’re not even picking up routine telephone or television satellite signals. It’s like everything in space has been wiped out.

PANEL FOUR

The C.O. Rubs his face, looking at the map table... this is not the news he wanted to wake up to.

C.O.

Which sounds like step one of a Nuclear War to me. Okay, alert the crew. We need to work up launch trajectories for Beijing and Pyongyang. If someone’s nuked Washington, I’m not about to let those two sons-of-bitches walk away unscathed.

X.O.

Yes sir!

C.O.

(small)

Meanwhile, let’s all pray that this is some minor technical glitch in Washington.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Half page panel. The Supreme Court building has been thoroughly wrecked in the background. Flames rise up from it. Flint, Tefibi & Santini stand in front of it, looking around for someone to kill. Santini grips an MP5. Flint has only a pistol on her hip, her hands are empty. Tefibi is typing into a portable laptop.

FLINT
Citizen Soldier's handiwork?

TEFIBI
Looks like. Guess we know where his 5-minute instant supermen wound up.

SANTINI
I'm bringing everyone else here.

TEFIBI
Like we all did so well against the guy the first time?

SANTINI
Shut up, Tefibi.

PANEL TWO

Santini talks into his radio while standing back-to-back with Flint to prevent anyone from sneaking up on them.

SANTINI (cont'd)
StormWatch Away Teams, this is Santini. Rendezvous at Target Alpha, this is where the action is.

JUKKO (O.S.)
Hämäläinen to Santini. Understood, will meet you there. Golovin requests permission to seek high ground for better sniping.

SANTINI
Granted. Pinckney? You and Weiss made contact with the CDA yet?

PANEL THREE

On Jukko and Galena staring at the radio in curiosity. Galena is cradling a 50-cal sniper rifle.

PINCKNEY
(over radio)
Uh, that's a negative, Colonel Santini.

5 CONTINUED:

SANTINI

Why's that, Pinckney?

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Jaeger and Pinckney are up against the wall of the White House back entrance. They are surrounded by Secret Service Agents pointing mini-uzis and pistols at them. Two agents search them. Jaeger is facing the wall, his mask is up (but we can't see his face). Pinckney's weapon is a Galantz sniper rifle. Jaeger has an M4 with the collapsible stock, big night-focusing scope and an under-the-barrel m203 40mm grenade launcher.

PINCKNEY
We're being detained right now, sir. We'll call you back once we've cleared security.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Yeah, you do that. Santini out.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Okay, they're clean.

PANEL TWO

One of the SS Agents gets into Pinckney's face.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (cont'd)
Sorry about all the security, but we tend to get twitchy when heavily armed foreigners appear out of nowhere on the White House lawn.

PINCKNEY
Quite all right, chum. We normally would have phoned ahead, but as you know, all the long distance lines are out.

PINCKNEY (cont'd)
Now, I desperately need to see your Director of the Civil Defense Administration. We have some rather urgent information for her.

IVANA BAIUL
I'm right behind you. Talk fast.

PANEL THREE

Over the shoulders of Pinckney & Jager on Ivana Baiul on the steps of the White House, arms crossed. Still haven't really shown Jaeger's face.

PINCKNEY
Director Ivana Baiul? A pleasure. I'm Sgt. Pinckney of Her Majesty's Special Air Services, seconded to StormWatch. This is Sgt.
(MORE)

6 CONTINUED:

PINCKNEY (cont'd)

Weiss of the German GSG-9, also attached to StormWatch. We bear greetings and salutations from Colonel Benito Santini.

IVANA BAIUL

I bet you do. What do you people want?

PANEL FOUR

On Jaeger. His face is heavily taped & bandaged, hiding a swollen, red & puffy nose with dried blood around his nostrils. Remember how hard that shield hit him in the face in #15? Also, when you break your nose, you instantly get two black eyes.

JAEGER

We have discovered that Citizen Soldier has the ability to make short-span superpowered beings. We observed him creating three. One of them has destroyed every satellite in orbit. We believe the other two are currently attacking your Supreme Court, less than a mile from here.

JAEGER (cont'd)

Colonel Santini and the rest of our unit are preparing to assault the building. He wanted you to know that we're operating on American soil and requests that you keep clear of our operation.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

On Ivana, getting in Jaeger's face, sneering.

IVANA BAIUL
Operating in the United States without my permission is a direct contravention of United Nations regulations. Especially less than a mile away from my office in our Capitol.

PANEL TWO

On Jaeger, angry, spitting his words back.

JAEGER
You brought us into this situation when you requested our help with the New York Federal Reserve Bank robbery.

PANEL THREE

On Ivana, furious, but in control.

IVANA BAIUL
That situation was resolved. You weren't asked to intervene at the Stock Exchange and you're here now without due authorization. The United States Government insists that you remove yourselves from our sovereign soil.

PANEL FOUR

Pinckney shoulders Jaeger aside, smiling, playing the peacemaker.

PINCKNEY
Excuse me, Madame Director, I'm not an barrister, but I do believe that our mutual goal of taking Citizen Soldier out of play should take precedence over international jurisdiction issues, yes? Surely we can cooperate for the time being and settle all of these nasty legalities later?

PANEL FIVE

Two-shot, Pinckney & Baiul. She smiles, rueful, fluttering her eyelids at Pinckney. He smiles his most romantic smile back.

IVANA BAIUL
Yes, of course, Sergeant. You've cut right to the chase. I didn't realize that Santini had anyone on his team who was so clear-headed.
(MORE)

7 CONTINUED:

IVANA BAIUL (cont'd)

Please tell the Colonel that he has ten clear minutes to assault the Supreme Court. After that, I'm calling in my team of specialists.

PINCKNEY

I'm sure that will be plenty of time, ma'am.

PANEL SIX

Jaeger rolls his eyes in disgust as Pinckney & Baiul make moo-cow eyes at one another.

IVANA BAIUL

Well, do take care of yourself, Sergeant.

PINCKNEY

I will. It was wonderful to have met you. The next time I see you, I hope to have Citizen Soldier's head in a napsack for you.

IVANA BAIUL

That would be delightful.

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

The little turret atop the US Capitol Dome. A Project Entry portal opens up and Golovin steps out of it.

GOLOVIN
Colonel, this is Golovin. I'm atop the Capitol Dome.

PANEL TWO

Downshot from above the dome and down towards the Supreme Court building.

GOLOVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
From here I've got a clear field of fire onto the entire mall and the Supreme Court in particular.

PANEL THREE

On Santini. Behind him, Jukko walks out of a P.E. Portal.

SANTINI
Great. Keep an eye out for anyone trying to flee or other combatants entering the building. We'll let you know when we're about to begin our assault.

GOLOVIN (O.S.)
Roger. Golovin out.

PANEL FOUR

Santini to Tefibi.

SANTINI
Tell me you've got me a plan for this assault.

TEFIBI
Well, I've got a limited plan...

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Before he can continue, though, Jaeger & Pinckney walk out of a P.E.P., arguing.

JAEGER
It was disgusting. You might as well have been licking her jackboots with your tongue.

PINCKNEY
Calm down, old son. It got us what we wanted didn't it?

JAEGER
And it left me feeling ill.

PANEL TWO

Santini, Pinckney & Jaeger.

SANTINI
Did she fall for it?

PINCKNEY
Like a lead balloon. I just let Herr Angry here bark orders at her, waited for her to rise to the bait, then stepped in with the patented Pinckney Charm. She gave us ten minutes.

SANTINI
Perfect.

JAEGER
Wait, this was a plan?

PANEL THREE

Santini smiles, pats Jaeger on the back. Jaeger looks upset.

SANTINI
Of course. Good Cop, Bad Cop. Oldest trick in the book.

JAEGER
Why am I always the last person let in on these things?

SANTINI
Couldn't tell you, Jaeger... you can't act your way out of a wet paper sack. Had to hope that you'd allow yourself to get angry. Figured that with your face all banged up, it wouldn't take much.

9 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Jaeger touches his face. Looks Angry.

JAEGER
Yes, my face. I have much to thank Citizen Soldier for.

SANTINI
See, that's what I like about you, Jaeger. You know your priorities.

SANTINI (cont'd)
Tefibi? Everyone's here, why don't you lay it down for us?

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

POV of Flint through her cool glasses. Inside her glasses is a Heads-up-display of a corridor schematic of the Supreme Court. Reflected are Santini & Tefibi.

TEFIBI
Okay, by my clock, Citizen Soldier's guys have been inside for eight minutes. That's a long time for superhumans. This isn't a rescue mission, it's a sweep and clear.

TEFIBI (cont'd)
Heads-up display will show you a map of the building. There are NO cameras inside the Supreme Court building, so I've got no idea where the bad guys are. Guess those old geezers don't want people watching them mangle the law live on cable TV.

SANTINI
My guess is that if anyone's still alive inside, they'll be in the main judicial chamber. We'll be going two by two and using some new surprises Tefibi whipped up for these boys since our last run-in with them in New York.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi holds up a shotgun-shell-shaped-9mm-bullet in his right hand and a nasty sharp dart in the other.

TEFIBI
I got kinda tired of dead men getting to their feet and taking shots at me, so all of your weapons are going to be firing mercury-dipped fragmenting flechette ammunition.

TEFIBI (cont'd)
Each of these flechette rounds contain flechette darts. Pull the trigger and twenty-five of these razor-sharp darts spring out of the shell. Against any type of hardened armor, the flechettes shatter harmlessly, but against flesh, cloth or mesh armor, these nasty suckers will be devastating.

TEFIBI (cont'd)
Upon entering the target, the darts bend, twist and break into several pieces. The resulting wounds are punctures and tears, shredding muscles and ligaments.

(MORE)

10 CONTINUED:

TEFIBI (cont'd)

Typically, the darts are lodged in the target, requiring surgery to remove. In addition, these are dipped in mercury, which will poison the nervous system of anyone hit with one.

PANEL THREE

Jaeger raises his hand.

JAEGER

Aren't those rounds illegal under the Geneva Convention?

TEFIBI

Nope. In fact, the Israeli Army is currently using flechettes against civilians in the West Bank. It's grisly, but we need to be sure than anyone we put down is going to be too shredded and poisoned to get back up.

JAEGER

And what about Citizen Soldier and his bulletproof shield?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi holds up a wicked pointed bullet with a tank-sabot type tip on it (see reference page). Jaeger smiles, one tooth missing.

TEFIBI

Depleted Uranium sabot rounds with a teflon jacket. Perfect for piercing armor... or an armored shield. Or some flag-draped psycho's motherfucking face.

JAEGER

Sounds good to me!

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. On Santini.

SANTINI

Okay, you've heard the plan, let's move out.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Santini & Jaeger run up at the right side of the Supreme Court steps, past the law lady statue. Jukko and Flint race up the left side. At the base, Pinckney covers them and Tefibi stands next to him, holding a laptop computer. Tefibi wears an odd-shaped square holster (important).

PANEL TWO

Santini shoves a small wire camera under the great brass doors (see the tour for details), attached to a small tv screen on his wrist.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Small tv screen shows the Great Hall of the Supreme Court, dead people in suits & ties & business dresses all over the floor, (which is covered in paper & legal briefs).

SANTINI (O.S.)
Lotta dead people. No sign of Tangos. Okay, two by two, we make our way up the Great Hall, using the columns for cover & concealment. Let’s go.

PANEL FOUR

Pushing the doors open, Flint and Jager rush in. Jukko and Santini hang back behind the doors, peeking around the edges.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

Inside the halls of the Supreme Court (see reference page for a great Quicktime VR tour of the building - turn on the "hot spots" function and check out some of the detail pictures).

The StormWatchers rush down the hallway, headed for the main courtroom, using the columns for cover two at a time while the next two move up.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Inside Santini's HUD, green lines indicate the map of the building in the lower corner. A Red Dot shows the main courtroom. BLUE LETTERS (F, H, W, S) indicate the first letter of each of the Team Members' last name.

NO DIALOG (cont'd)

PANEL THREE

Jaeger crouched down by one of the dead lawyers. They're covered with a light coating of dirt.

JAEGER
(small font)
They're all covered with some kind of dust.

SANTINI (O.S.)
(small font, radio bubble)
Don't lag behind. Leave the dead for the cops to handle.

PANEL FOUR

Downshot on Flint's feet as she pushes open the door to the Supreme Court Courtroom. Dust all over the floor.

FLINT
I think we're a little late.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Reverse shot. The Supreme Court bench. Everyone's dead. The courtroom benches are filled with dead people.

JUKKO (O.S.)
Voi Satanna!

SANTINI (O.S.)
Keep cool. This was never a rescue operation. Spread out and see if Citizen Soldier or his SPBs are still here. Sweep and clear, people.

PANEL TWO

Jukko kneels by a dead lawyer. The skin has been flayed from his face all the way down to the bone, but only on one half of his head.

JUKKO
There's something weird here. This one's skin has been peeled off.

PANEL THREE

Santini behind the bench, amongst the dead judges. All covered with dust. The Chief Justice has the 3 yellow stripes on his sleeves and a skinned head as well.

SANTINI
Some of the justices, too. I don't like this. We're pulling out. If Citizen Soldier was here, he's long-gone now.

PANEL FOUR

A swirling windstorm begins to rip around the StormWatcher's waists.

SAND FELLA
(disembodied voice - odd balloon design... flat edges?)
Leaving so soon?

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

3/4 page shot. The Swirling sand forms itself into a vaguely human shape, and with one sandy arm slams Jukko to the ground.

SAND FELLA
I told Citizen Soldier I'd delay anyone who stumbled in. I don't think he expected YOU, but what a bonus.

SANTINI
Kill it!

PANEL TWO

Everyone empties their weapons towards camera.

SOUND E/FX
(different one for however many people are firing)
Taktaktak. Brakbrakbrak. Krakkrakkrak.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

The Sand Creature is torn to pieces. Not that it matters... it's made of freaking sand, idiots. It stands there and sucks up damage.

SAND FELLA
Go ahead, waste your ammo. I'm made of SAND, idiots! Not that those guns will work soon, anyway. Sand's hell on rifles.

PANEL TWO

His arm EXPLODES forward in a pouring faucet of sand, striking Jager full in the face.

JAEGER
Aaaaaggggghhhhh!

SAND FELLA
Not to mention the ability of sand to strip the flesh from your bones.

PANEL THREE

Everyone else in the room starts to choke on the swirling sand.

SAND FELLA (cont'd)
Or to cut off your ability to breathe.

PANEL FOUR

Flint punches out the Sand Fella's middle.

SAND FELLA (cont'd)
Yeah, that doesn't work much better than bullets. Soft as sand, see?

PANEL FIVE

The Sand Fella turns his fist into a rock-hard hammer and slams Flint across the room.

SAND FELLA (cont'd)
Then again, sometimes hard as rock.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Everyone's on their knees, wiped out. The Sand Fella congeals into a person-like mass. His right arm is a huge pointy spike that he's about to shove through the reeling Santini.

SAND FELLA
Ready to die?

SANTINI
One other thing I love about sand...

SAND FELLA
What's that?

PANEL TWO

Santini throws a belt of grenades at the Sand Fella and dives aside behind a bench.

SAND FELLA (cont'd)
Grenades? Bring 'em on! What do you think is gonna happen? You gonna blow more holes in me?

PANEL THREE

The grenades go off in a fiery explosion.

SAND FELLA (cont'd)
Skkkkkkrrraaaaaaaaaaggghk!

PANEL FOUR

He's fused into a glass statue, face contorted in a silent scream. The StormWatchers struggle to help one another to their feet.

SANTINI
It turns into glass. Magnesium grenades, scumbag.

FLINT
It's dead. Why are you still talking to it?

SANTINI
No, he's not. Glass is just really-slow moving sand. He's alive and conscious... and is going to die in 10 minutes when the Superpowers Citizen Soldier gave him run out.

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. Two-shot, Santini leaning into Sand Fella's frozen face.

16 CONTINUED:

SANTINI (cont'd)
You think about that while you count to 600, buddy. See you in Hell.

PANEL SIX

Santini points to the door.

SANTINI (cont'd)
Okay, one went to space, another one came here to the Supreme Court... Now where the HELL is that third Temporary Super Idiot?

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Rural Countryside. A man drives a tractor in a tobacco field. In the far distance (like, a mile), and down a steep hill is a tabacco drying barn. Some tall trees border one side of the field.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Strange Creek, West Virginia

TIRE MAN (CAPTION)
The Mach number is named for the Austrian physicist, Ernst Mach. It represents the ratio between an aircraft's speed (v) and the speed of sound (a). That is, M = v/a. Technically, the Mach Number is not a measure of speed, but rather a speed ratio. Mach One, the speed of sound at sea level, is 761.5 mph at sea level.

PANEL TWO

Hurricane-like winds bend the trees down almost horizontal at the ground. The tractor is thrown end over end across the field. The barn in the distance VANISHES in a huge dirt funnel tearing across the landscape.

TIRE MAN (cont'd)
(caption)
Right now I'm going Mach Four.

PANEL THREE

Shot from Space. Eastern Seaboard of the United States. The vortex behind Tire Man swirls across Ohio, West Virginia and Maryland. A visible groove has been dug into the Earth in his path. Not ridiculously huge, but a faint line can be seen.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Because aircraft and engines are affected by atmospheric temperature and density, although supersonic aircraft like the F-15E are capable of flying faster than twice the speed of sound, they can only reach these speeds at very high altitudes where the air is thin and extremely cold. At sea level, supersonic aircraft are limited to speeds just above Mach One due to the atmosphere's being thicker and causing more drag on the aircraft, slowing it down.

17 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Close angle on the Tire Man running. It’s like the sprinter picture I’m sending you... the bg is a smear of color, no tight lines at all.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont’d)
I don’t have a problem with atmospheric drag... because I’m metabolizing the atmosphere in front of me, instantly converting it into energy for my run. I’m eating anything I touch... the air... that barn back there...

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Tire Man runs through a tree. It's mostly atomized where he touched it, branches falling away, sucking into his wake.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION)
Trees... fences... boulders...

PANEL TWO

He tears through a house, spattering two people into goo that he's absorbing. Have one person's torso spinning away towards camera after his lower half was zapped.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Houses... people. Anything that gets in my way, feeds the run.

PANEL THREE

He rips through a school bus front to back. He's a blur, the details are fixed. It's us seeing him from our POV.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Mach Five point One.

PANEL FOUR

He rips on down the road, creating a sonic boom cone around himself (see reference pictures).

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
It's 531.18 miles from the Microtouch campus in Dull, Ohio to Washington DC. Estimated driving time, 9 hours, 19 minutes.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
I've been running now for six minutes. I should be in Washington D.C. in about two more minutes. And when I hit the target, all of my my built-up kinetic energy will immediately convert into an explosion which should make Hiroshima look like a bottle rocket.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
I volunteered for this job because I've always wanted to run really fast, but was always too fat. The fat computer geek scientist, a lumbering cliche.

PANEL FIVE

He peaks a rise over Washington D.C. The capitol is WAAAAAY distant.

18 CONTINUED:

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
I'm not the slow fat kid now, though. Today, I'm the fastest man on Earth.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Upstairs at the top of the Capitol Dome with Golovin. She's firing a stream of 50-cals and SCREAMING into her mike.

GOLOVIN
-almost here! Going to be right on top of us in twenty seconds! I've shot it 20 times and it's not slowing down!

PANEL TWO

The Tire Man rips down the Washington Mall, shattering the Washington Monument as it heads right towards the Capitol Building.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION)
National Monuments... it's all food for the run. I guess you could say I'm carbo-loading.

PANEL THREE

In close, over the shoulder shot. Bullets bounce off of it's knees or are absorbed (the direct hits).

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Bullet's? They're trying to shoot me?

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Idiots. It's just more food.

PANEL FOUR

Same Over the shoulder shot as the thing barrells towards the Capitol Dome, 200 meters away. Tefibi stands between the Tire Man and the Capitol, pointing his weird pistol.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
Just like this guy.

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PANEL ONE

Side shot. Left side, The blurred-out monster is right on top of Tefibi (right side, about to get splattered). He looks terrified. Tefibi fires his weird gun. It's a portable Project Entry emitter. It's opening a Project Entry Portal between himself and the Tire Man.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION)
What the Hell is all that...

PANEL TWO

Project Entry Universe. The Washington Mall is lined with spike-driven bodies (Devil's work). The sky is all hazy red. The Tire Man is headed right for the broken, shattered Capitol Dome of the Project Entry Universe.

TIRE MAN (CAPTION) (cont'd)
...Blue stuff?

TIRE MAN (cont'd)
Shit.

PANEL THREE

EXPLODO! The dude hits the fucked-up capitol dome and ka-blooey, mammoth explosion.

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PANEL ONE

On Tefibi on the ground next to the blue circle.

TEFIBI
-sent him right to the Project Entry universe, sir. All he did was blow up a city full of dead people.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Nice job, Tefibi. That's right, I saved the motherfucking day! Who rules? I rule! I...

PANEL TWO

Small Panel. On Tefibi's face

TEFIBI
Oh shit.

PANEL THREE

Suicider jumpstars opening up all over the place, an army of Suiciders swarming out, rifles at the ready, pouring out towards the Capitol, guns blazing. Citizen Soldier himself is stepping out of one... Tefibi is directly behind him... he hasn't spotted Tefibi or the open Project Entry portal yet. Tefibi is frozen in fear.

SOUND E/FX
Machine gun sounds from the suiciders' weapons.

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PANEL ONE

Inside the Capitol Cupola. The Suiciders have formed a star around the capitol. Golovin fires downwards into their crowds.

SOUND E/FX
Krak! Krak! Krak!

GOLOVIN
-undreds of them! This is a target-rich environment, Santini. I need backup, now!

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Pinckney will be up momentarily.

GOLOVIN
They cover the ground like ants! What is the delay?

PANEL TWO

Small panel. Santini's face, angry.

SANTINI
I'm being delayed by Homeland Security.

PANEL THREE

Huge pose panel. Santini, Jukko & Jaeger opposite the Homeland Security Squadron, Version 2.0.

The New Team is posed like a bunch of idiots. Next to their drawings are their names: (1) GIANT in his new David Lee Roth assless chaps/purple leather vest costume, (2) Jannisary wearing a 1990's Image-Comics-Battle Thong, (3) RipSlashBloodClawMaimBlade, a guy covered in so many knives that he must cut himself every time he moves, (4) Psychik Grrrl, a 'tough' 80's X-Men type, and (5) Hexebus, an obvious ripoff of lame 90's Batman spinoff Azrael.

GIANT
Not just by anyone, Santini... but by GIANT and my newly reformed HOMELAND SECURITY SQUADRON(tm)! We're here to finish off these evildoers for you!

PANEL FOUR

Tiny inset panel. Santini, hand on face, sighing.

SANTINI
I did something really bad in a past life.

TO BE CONTINUED!

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

WASHINGTON D.C.
Supreme Court Virtual Tour:
http://www.oyez.org/oyez/tour/big/street-from-introduction

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HERE'S A 360-DEGREE QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER:
http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

ONLINE PHOTOS OF THE UN BUILDING:
http://www.un.org/Overview/Tours/UNHQ/#HQS-SITE

CITIZEN SOLDIER TIMELINE
1948 - HUAC kills Citizen Soldier
1955 - 7 yrs old, lynched
1972 - 17 yrs old, Hell no, I won't go.
1973 - International Operations kills him.
2003 - 30 years old, Back with a Vengence.